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The Scholar

VOL. VII | APRIL | NO. 7

Goethe.

By Prof. Nicholas de Roerich.

Were not the eye like the sun
It would perhaps never behold the sun.
One may be bereft of everything--
Only to remain oneself.

THIS likeness to the sun, this might of the personality – these banners of the significance of Goethe were expressed by himself. Again in time, perturbed humanity is reminded of the invincibly beautiful image, in which the entire substance of his time is expressed. No adjectives are needed for the expression, "Time of Goethe" or rather the "Epoch of Goethe". The name of Goethe became an honorary coat-of-arms, not only for its creativeness, wholeness of thought, depths of cognizance, courage of consciousness, nobility of feeling—this name verily encircled in itself an entire epoch full of the most powerful expressions of the spirit. The style of Goethe is not only the style of a writer, not only the style of a powerful Empire, but the style of an epoch. Not waves of fashion, nor revaluations, nor new achievements can affect the giants, creators, interpretors of an epoch, such as Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe.............. It is impossible to say that they stand as lonely peaks, for in them is fused the spirit of their times! They have become super-personalities, because they personified the most noble achievements of the epoch. Count A. Tolstoy, exultingly addressing the artists and, remembering the images of Homer, Beethoven and Goethe, writes :

No, not Goethe this, who fashioned the great Faust
In ancient Germanic attire
But in its truth, great and universal,
It seems the eternal image, word for word.
Or Beethoven when he created his funeral march--
Did he fashion the succession of chords which tear one's soul?
No, these sounds cried out always in the limitless space.
Being deaf, he hearkened for these cries, unearthly for earth.
Be ye blind as Homer and deaf as Beethoven.
But strain more zealously thy spiritual ear and spiritual eye
And as if upon the flame of a secret writing faint lines emerge suddenly
Thus will the pictures suddenly emerge before thee
And more vivid will become the colours and more perceptible the paints.
The harmonious correlation of words will interweave in clear meaning
And ye, at this moment, behold, hearkening, holding thy breath,
And afterwards, creating, recall the fleeting vision.

In such words, the writer desired to show the entire unearthly and inhuman substance of the creativeness of Goethe. The great lines of many secret writings were revealed to the eye of Goethe. It has been said that Goethe belonged to secret philosophical societies. This is not the main thing. Are there not a few members and dignitaries in all other societies? The flame of the spirit, the fire of the heart, the great *Agni*—not through reason, but through straight knowledge—acquainted Goethe with the mysteries of the summits. The synthesis is never transmitted through societies. But it is significant to see how Goethe as a true Messenger did not deviate from life, but found a smile for all its flowers, Limitation is not befitting an all-embracing spirit.

With all justice one may call Goethe's direction of thought spatial. In it he affirmed personality, but there was liberation from egoism. *Agni Yoga!* Such a correlation is even inconceivable for small consciousnesses; but it is a true test of the potentiality of the personality. Did Goethe know the teachings of the East? He probably did. For, romanticism does not exist without the East. It has not reached us as to how much Goethe studied the treasures of the East. He did not insist upon them, but it is clear that he knew them; perhaps the all-embracingness inherent in him opened easily also these significant gates.

They say Goethe is an Initiate! How, then, not an initiate, if in the flaming formula he could touch the most sacred stones without searing his hands?

How, then, not an initiate into the laws of the foundation, if undaunted he could cross all gorges, crowded with delayed and errant travellers? How then, not an initiate, if he walked his own path, not as a seeker, but as a carrier of the treasure of the far-off worlds?

To the seer of secrets, Hoffman, it is exactly *Geheimrat Archivarius* who is a spirit of fire.

Verily Goethe was a real *Geheimrat*—not a royal one but a pan-human one. He bore this title with the ease of a giant who smiles at the fragment of a cliff which falls upon his chest. This ease in bearing the unspilled chalice of life, startles us in the paths of the greatest personalities. What would cost many wrinkles, distortions, and sighs to some is for the giant simply another inevitability which he encounters joyously in order to hasten further onwards. Goethe himself confesses: "So unrestrainable is my striving onward, that I can scarcely permit myself to inhale, or to glance back." In this powerful uplifting of the chalice, one remembers the legend of Christopher through the stream of life.

As with many other standards which are not according to usual measurements, Goethe remains for some a seemingly experienced statesman; for others an incorrigible revolutionary; for some a foundation; for others a shaker of foundations. But the quality of commentaries and discussions on Goethe is itself astonishing. The entire variety of things ascribed to Goethe and demanded from Goethe provide the scope of his creativeness. Certainly such a mind could not have been uniform.

Goethe culminated the time of Schiller, Herder, Burger, Winckleman, Kant, Lessing. A great time! And Frankfor-am-Main is a good place! Leipzig, Strassburg, Vetslar, Weimar—all are saturated with significant meetings. Literature, art, science, the law, state-craft, the entire complex of life served only to intensify the consciousness of Goethe, not in the least burdening his powerful creative shoulders. There is time for everything and there is a smile for everything.

The years in Italy, his friendship with the similarly great spirit, Schiller, balancing and mutually complementing each other, forged the indissoluble unity. Finally, the eighty-year-old hand of Goethe inscribes the final lines of *Faust* as the synthesis of life. So Goethe himself considers, for to Eckermann, he expresses his understanding of the remainder of his life as a gift. And the next year, Goethe hastens into the far-off world.

A world spirit, *Weltgeist*, is Goethe. And, of course, world unity is one of his foundations. Creativeness and criticism manifest themselves in the creations of Goethe in an original combination: "To decide to live in all embracingness, in Bliss, in the Beautiful."

Goetz influenced even Scott in his *Ivanhoe*; the *Corinthian Bride*, the *Earl King*, *God and the Bayadere*, *Tasso*, *Egmont*, *Iphigenie* have inspired the best minds for translations, trans-

criptions and musical settings. And *Master Wilhelm* is unforgettable as an image of culture and construction.

Free from didacticism and dry moralizing, Goethe gave the teachings of life through inspiring images of touching romanticism, fusing them in the symbol of *The Sorrows of Werther*.

Weltanschauung--Goethe's contemplation of the world, is irrepeatable because it is founded on his own unrepeatable rhythm of saturated, untiring action.

The influence of Goethe is not only profound in all German countries, but also in the Anglo-Saxon and the Slavic world, as well as in America. *Nur rastlos bethatigt sich der Mann*. Only in changing the activity of the nervous centres, as Voltaire, he did not know the meaning of rest. His *reine Menschlickeit* was not foreign to immortality as also his *ewig weibliches* always soared in the pure spheres of exultation through beauty. The Centenary of Goethe for each broadened consciousness must be verily the Festival of a solar holiday! Goethe was close to Apollo; he was close to the light of antiquity. His key is a major one. A beautiful presentation. A beautiful Edition, in a beautiful leather binding, which does not break at the first opening, with beautiful frontispices and adornments. A dignified national festival where the noble *Meistersinger* may be crowned. Thus one envisages, contemplates, the anniversary of the glorious Goethe so near-to-all.

The Earl King and *Corinthian Bride* were the themes for my first sketches; and *Faust* has been given in our Children's Theatre.

We remember our study table, the school edition of *Goetz* and *Werther*; we recollect all the benevolent and beautiful thoughts which were sprung from the ballads of Goethe. Never once has it been necessary to renounce one of them and never did one have to be ashamed of the name of Goethe.

There is no dispute about Goethe. One can only rejoice over him with strengthened and finest reminiscence. To the friend of our spiritual accumulations it befits a solar holiday! One desires to accompany the celebration of Goethe with something solemn and hearty and harmonious. He is in the garden of life. There the Lilies of the Madonna have blossomed; there are gathered the hearkening ones. And from Solomon's beautifully wise antiquity, from the *Song of Songs* is fragrant this flower-garden of life:

"Where is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among woman? Whither is thy beloved turned aside? That we may seek him with thee. My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the bed of spices, to feed in the garden, and to gather the lilies."

Buddhism and the Vedas.

By Swami Jagadiswarananda.

BUDDHISM and Hinduism are, as it were, the two oldest branches of the immortal Vedic tree of knowledge. Both spring from a common source, like twin currents of the mighty Ganges of Indo-Aryan thought. But it is a matter of deep regret that the modern adherents of these two sister faiths are in blissful ignorance of their descent from the same source. Each has very unjustly misunderstood the other and has created artificial barriers between them by laying emphasis on minor details. But in this age of synthesis and unity, both the Hindus and Buddhists should make it a point to find out the common basis on which they can again unite and embrace one another.

If we make, at the right standpoint, a connected historical study of Indian Thought as an organic entity and penetrate deeply into the heart of Buddhistic and Brahminical thought, it will be perfectly clear that it is difficult, if not absurd, to draw a hard and fast line of demarcation between them.

Professor E. B. Havell, sometime Principal of the Government Arts School at Calcutta, perhaps the greatest living authority on Indian Art, (now living in honoured and active retirement at Oxford), author of a number of reputed books on this subject, has made an epocal discovery and declares in his *Ideals of Indian Art* and *Indian Sculpture and Painting* that the golden thread of Vedic Idealism not only runs as a common basis of Hindu and Buddhistic cultures, but of Sikh and Jain, Moghul and Saracenic, Chinese and Japanese, Javanese and Balli as well as Arabian and Persian, *i. e.*, of whole Asiatic thought and culture. The learned scholar also finds a hint in the *Mahabharata*, the Volksepos of India, to the effect that even Egyptian, Cretan and Prephedian cultures were indebted to the old Aryan ideal. [1]

" The relation between Hinduism (by Hinduism, I mean the religion of the Vedas) and Buddhism of the present day, " says

1. Babylon and Mesopotamia were under Aryan Rule for six centuries under Chieftain Gandash of Aryan tribe (Kassites), whose chief God was Suriya, the ancient Vedic Sun God. Another Aryan tribe, Mittanni, ruled the land between the Tigris and the Euphrates and the Gods of the Mittannic Tribes were Vedic Gods as Varuna, Indra, Surya and Agni. They were in contact with Egypt and Assyria. The famous stele of Narainsin Circ. 2750 B. C. in Louvre (Paris) commemorating the victory of Satuni, King of Lulava, suggests the connection between Indian Shikara and the Mesopotamian art and culture.

Swami Vivekananda, " is nearly the same as between Judaism and Christianity, but with this difference that the Jews rejected Jesus Christ, nay, crucified him, while the Hindus have exalted Shakya Muni to the seat of Divinity and worship Him. Buddha came not to destroy anything but he was the fulfillment—the logical conclusion of the Hindus." Buddhism did not die a premature death in India, as it is held generally, but as Dr. Ananda Coomarasamy says in his *Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism* (P. VI), " it has merged into Hinduism from which it issued". Vedic genius of expansion and assimilation absorbed it.

Not only was Buddha born and brought up a Hindu but he lived and died a Hindu. "You must not imagine," says Swami Vivekananda, " that there was ever a religion in India with temples and priests of its own Order! Nothing of that sort. The idea was always within Hinduism, only the influence of Buddha was paramount at one time, and made the nation monastic." (Vide Sister Nivedita's *The Master As I Saw Him*). Mrs. Rhys Davids, the greatest living authority on Buddhism, who has spent about 40 years of her life in the study, writes in her *Sakya Origins*, her latest research work, that "Sakya Muni fulfilled, not destroyed, expanded not opposed, the central teaching of the Upanishads. But he emphasised the concept of man not as Being but as Becoming." " India has ever known him as Sakya Muni," reiterates the erudite authoress, " about his men, whom as their records admit were spoken of as Sakya sons, or men of the Sakyas. It is only when Sakya was lingering on in India as a moribund cult, as a decadent quasi-philosophy, that Indian writers mentioned it as 'what Buddhas say." " The history of Pali Pitaka evolution, " she says, " is not unique and something new, but reflects an analagous history in the evolution of the Upanishads."

Oldenberg justly points out in his *Buddha* (p. 119): " There was nothing in Buddha's attitude generally, which could be regarded by his contemporaries as unusual. He had not introduced anything fundamentally new." " Buddha was emphatic in declaring," says Mr. Havell, " that the eight-fold path of good-living along which he led his followers was the ancient Aryan way. Even the metaphor of the eight-fold path was borrowed from the fortified Aryan settlements, which had generally light gates."

In course of Time, the original message of the Blessed One has so much been twisted, deformed or rather smothered in the ritual, mantra and the celebrant that in order to know the True Gospel of Him, we have to ' winnow in the Pali-Pittakas, the older grain from the later chaff'.

The learned Doctor in her *Buddhism* (Home University Series) remarks (p. 31): " I am convinced with Garbe and Jacobi that Buddha as a philosopher is entirely dependant on Kapila and Patanjali." Aswaghosha in his *Buddha Charitha* (quoted in the *Foundations of Buddhism* by Natalic Rokotoff) says that the city of Kapilavastu, the birth-place of Buddha, received its name in honour of the Great Kapila, the founder of Sankhya Philosophy." " The cardinal doctrines of Buddhism differ chiefly from those of the Sankhya in their tacit denial of *Purush*, but says Dr. A. Coomarasamy : " With Vedanta, no less they are agreed that pleasure and pain are alike suffering, for the impermanence of pleasure constitutes an eternal skeleton at the feast." Buddha was not only influenced by Sankhya, but by Yoga also, whose *Dhyana* was taken up by the early Buddhists as *Jhana* (Pali) from which the Chinese *ch'an* and Japanese *zen* sects have come into being. (vide *Buddhism and Christianity*, by Dr. J. E Carpenter, p. 288). The spiritual exercises of the Buddhist contemplatives are taken over, almost unchanged from the Brahminical sources. " Both the Sankhya and the Buddhist systems," says Sir H. S. Gour, in his *Spirit of Buddhism* " have taken Vedantism as their basis. They are like two streams that, after flowing into the Vedantic channel, have burst their banks and cut for themselves new channels, and after taking an independent course for some distance become reunited with the main stream from which they had become parted." Buddha was a Vedic protestant in the sense that he stood against the *Karma Kanda*, or the sacrificial rites of the Vedas. He warned his followers not to waste time in vain intellectual speculation but to prompt the evolution of Life by being good and doing good to others. "Certainly, his knowledge was not limited to his doctrines," says Natalic Rokotoff, "but caution prompted by great wisdom made him hesitant to divulge conceptions which, if misunderstood, might be disastrous". One day the Blessed One, in a *simsapa* grove in Kousambi took a few leaves from the tree and said: " As the leaves in my hand are few in number, and are far more in the trees above, even so what I have perceived and not communicated to you is far more than what I have communicated to you." A tradition of three circles of his Teachings was established for the chosen ones, for the members of the Sangha, and for all. He affirmed the relativity of the body and mind but was silent about *Atman* and the Ultimate Reality, but he never denied it. Buddha's silence about *Atman* is not the silence of an agnostic or atheist, but comes out of the fulness of mystic realisation which, in the words of the Upanishads, is unspeakable, beyond mind and words.

Sankara, 'the apostle of Vedantism, in his commentory on the *Keno Upanishad* says that the Brahman or the Ultimate

Reality, as defined by *Sat chit ananda* or Absolute Being—Wisdom, Bliss is only with reference to the limitations of body, mind and senses, because of its apparent adaptations to the expansion, contraction and the extinction of them, and not on account of its own essence. According to its essence it is, as the *Keno Upanishad* (pre-Buddhistic) says: "It is unknown to those who know, and known to those who do not know." It is distinct from the known and above the unknown. Sankara also preserves an old story of a pre-Buddhistic Upanishad to the effect that a Vedic Rishi of the name of 'Bahva' was questioned by Vashkali on the nature of the Brahman and he kept silence; being questioned a second and third time at last, he replied: 'I teach you, indeed, but you cannot understand.' The Brahman is silence; as the Upanishad says : *mounameva Brahman*. Buddha took the agnostic attitude indicated in the Nasadiya Sukta, or the grand hymn of creation of Rig Veda (X 29). It gives such a description as when there was not existence, nor non-existence, no kingdom of air or sky beyond. There was no death nor Immortality, no sun dividing the day from the night.

Buddha's religion was actually the *Jnana Marga* of the Vedas. In an old Pali Sutta (contemporary of Buddha and his direct disciples), it is recorded that Buddha convinced an atheist by proving to him super-physical and supra-mental existence of soul (told by Bhikshu Ananda Maitreya). And if I am not mistaken, I may say Buddhaghosa, the elaborate commentator of the Three Pittakas, drew his materials mainly from the Hindu Puranas. The Jataka story of Hare and Moon is borrowed from the Vishnu Purana. But Puranas are the records of popular Hinduism, and in order to learn the best of Hinduism, one must look to the philosophical portions ; the six systems, the Upanishads, the Gita, and the Brahma Sutra.

The Nibbana or the Bimutha state that affords Franchise from the Byss and the Abyss is not a void or a state of nothingness. Buddha said—" 'To say of a brother thus set free by insight he knows not, he sees not' that were absurd". It is just like the Vedic *Samadhi* or state of super-consciousness, which is described by the Upanishads thus: "As the rivers run, and in the deep lose name and form and disappear, so from a name and form released, the wise man goes to Truth." Buddhistic *Nirvana*, and the Vedic *Samadhi*, the mystic eternal rest, are all synonymous terms. The Vedas define Brahma as *neti*, *neti*, or not so, not so, and the mystic says God is not improperly called nothing. *Nirvana* is liberation from the fetters of body and mind and it is Freedom itself. *Nirvana* is the state of Absolute Bliss of spirit, and the Buddhist himself by the necessity of language is constrained to

symbolise *Nirvana* as Bliss. As Mr. Rokotoff says: "*Nirvana* is the gate, which introduces us into the rhythm of the highest, fiery creative and eternally expanding stream of infinite existence." (pp. 100). In the *Maha-Pari-Nirvana Sutra*, it is pointed out that even at the hour of death the thoughts of the teacher were directed towards the beautiful, remembering the beauty of the best places he had traversed. Beautiful is Rajagriha, beautiful is Bhaisali, beautiful are the groves and mountains, etc. etc.

There exists no fundamental doctrinal opposition between the Buddhist and the Vedic thought. Buddhism is a necessary development of Brahminism 'which must be passed over in the history of every school of thought that attains to its full development'. Of the wide thought movement of Brahminism, Gautama reveals but a single phase and a single stage, but: "If the exponents of Buddhism," says Dr. A Coomarasamy (p. 219), "insist on confining the significance of Buddhism on what is taught by Gautama, we must point out, at the same time, that it stands for a restricted Ideal, which contrasts with Brahminism as a part contrasts with the whole. Bhuddism might well have been accounted for by Vijnana Bhiksu, as the seventh Darsana (Philosophy) of the Hindus. The distinction between Buddhism and Brahminism, however practically important, is merely temperamental. Fundamentally, there is absolute agreement. In all essentials, Buddhism and Brahminism form a single system. It is alleged that the six systems of Hindu Philosophy are all post-Buddhistic. But in the Buddhistic writings are often mentioned the six teachers of Philosophy, as Buddha's constant antagonists. They are none but the exponents of the six Darsanas. In the age of Buddha, the true spirit of Vedic religion was stifled into the intricate maze of sacrificial rites and dogmas and descended into superstition and priestcraft. Buddha strongly condemned them. But as the doctrine of *Atman* was then still an esoteric truth, known only to the few by pupillary succession, Buddha met no foeman worthy of his steel and was only acquainted with popular Brahminism. "So for these reasons," says Dr. A. Coomarasamy (p. 200). "the greater part of Buddhistic polemic is unavoidably occupied in beating the air and wasted in misunderstanding." So, in point of fact, we find that the essential thoughts of the Upanishads are never grasped by the early Buddhists. It has been remarked with perfect justice by A. Worsley in his *Concepts of Monism* (p. 197) "that it is possible that had Gautama chanced to meet in his earlier wanderings two teachers of highest truth of the Vedas, the whole history of the old world might have been changed." Further, he being a Kshattriya was trained as a boy in all martial exercises and

knightly accomplishments. But it is not indicated in the early books that he was accomplished in Brahminical lore. It is held that the Vedic Age was dull and barren of art and that in the Buddhist Age, Indian Art originated. But E. B. Havell, the greatest living authority on the subject, says in his *Handbook of Indian Art* and *Ideals of Indian Art* etc., that Indian Art originated in the Vedic Age. They were of wood and other impermanent materials. So few of them are discovered now. Havell remarked, as a prophet of Indian Art about a decade ago, rather in a mood of intituion, that the Art History of the Vedic Age will be explored under the alluvial deposits of the Indus or the Gangetic Valley and the sandy tracts of Rajaputana. For the evidence of their artistic evolution may lie buried in the cities of Ancient India, such as Ayodhya, Kanhauja, Rajaghriha, etc. The modern excavations have unearthed some of them to prove his prophecy. The religious traditions of the Aryans were held too sacred to be materialised in any form or in a written word or technique art. They refrained from elaborate commissions for fear of spiritual or intellectual contamination like the Mosaic law: 'Thou shall not make to thyself any graven image or likeness of anything which is in Heaven or Earth.' The Aryan sculptures of pure Vedic tradition were, perhaps, more exclusively made of various sacrificial woods particularised in the *Ramayana*, which could not resist the attacks of insects and other destructive influences of Indian climate. Fresco-painting or mud walls and sculpture in wood are the most fugitive of historical records. So no vestige of their existence before Asoka's time is discovered. A few rough drawings and paintings of prehistoric times have been recently discovered in Raigarh State in the C. P. and in Nirjapur State in the U. P. So the principles of Vedic Art with hardly any record were handed down by mnemonic system like the Sruti. They practised subjective and synthetic Art, that is, not elaborately objective and analytic. "The symbolism of early Buddhist Stupas known to us is entirely borrowed from the sacrificial lore of the Vedas." "In Buddhist Art the ancient Indian Sun-emblem remained the symbol of law, and the early Buddhist ritual was a purified form of the Ancient Aryan ritual minus the Brahmin priest and his elaborate and costly animal sacrifices. The railings or enclosures surrounding the sacred relics were known as *Vedika* (the Sanskrit word used for sacrificial ground for Vedic rites). The cross-bar of the rail was called *Suchi* (another allusion to the Vedic ritual) for *Suchi* means a shoot of sacred *Kush* grass spread upon the place of sacrifice. The lofty terrace at the base of the stupa used as the procession-path of the pilgrims was called *medha* (derived from medha-sacrifice). The symbolism of circumambulatory rites performed

by Buddhist pilgrims was derived from Vedic sun-worship. In certain Vedic rites a chariot-wheel was fastened to a post and turned towards the right by a Brahmin while he chanted the hymn from the *Sama Veda* ; hence the Buddhist expression, turning the wheel of the law. The Buddhist monument or stupa was an Aryan royal tomb. The stupa was the monument of the dead king and the cult of stupa worship, the chief ritual of early Buddhism, was no doubt connected with the Shraddha ceremony of royalty. [1]

The symbols of Buddhism were not Buddhist inventions, but the common property of all Indo-Aryan Religions. Sanchi sculptures are best understood as a vivid artistic commentary on the life and thoughts of Vedic India. Indian Dryad, associated by Buddhistic scriptures with Maya, the mother of the Blessed One, is sung in the *Rig Veda* as Aranyani or the elusive spirit of the forest. Sangha is derived from the tribal assembly of the Indo-Aryan community. Sikhara—another popular symbol of Buddhist architecture—was a symbol of the ancient worship of the mountains still evidenced in popular Hinduism.

That the years begin with the Sun's entrance into the constellation of Taurus, which was worshipped as the Toull ploughing his way among the stars, is a Shaiva tradition of a very remote antiquity. The Buddhists adopted this very same Zodiacal sign to mark the nativity of the Buddha. Buddha's fraternity, called Sangha, after the name of Aryan clan organisation for monasticism, is an institution deeply rooted in Indian life even in Vedic times, though Sakya Muni was the first to put it on an organised footing. The plan of monastery, the abode of the Sangha, followed the simple but the eminently practical arrangements of the Aryan joint family house. The splendid rock-cut monasteries of Nasik dating about the II century A. D. has exactly the same plan as the typical Indian house to-day. Ajanta and Ellora, the universities of Ancient and Medieval India, followed the same plan. The

(1) A group of buildings carved on a relief discovered by Layard in the Palace of Sennacherib at Nineveh built in the 8th. century shows both the sikhar cone and the hemispherical stupa dome. The Mohamedan architecture of Gujerat is Saracenic only in sense, but it is Indo-Aryan architecture adapted to the ritual of Islam. Before the advent of the Prophet, Mahayan spread all over Western Asia and the description given, says Mr. Havell, by the Arab writers of the Kaab, the most reputed shrine in Arabia, the first model of Mohamedan Mosque, strongly suggests a Buddhist Temple or Monastery filled with Mahayanist images, with images of Christ and the Holy Virgin. The Arabian Vandals destroyed it and converted it into a place of Mohamedan worship as they did in Benares and other holy places in India. All the great monuments of Saracenic Art in Bijapur, Delhi, Agra in India as also in Arabia, Turkey, Egypt, Spain, Cairo, Constantinople, Cordiva and Damascus were inspired by Hindu Idealism.

designing and arrangement of the pillars, ornamenting of the massive timber or stone-work of the roof always kept within the range of old Vedic tradition. The prototype of the traditional plan of Indian *Pancharatna*, or five-jewelled temple, is found in the Buddhist temple of Chandi Sewa at Java built more than five centuries earlier. The same is the case in the sculptured stupa shrines at Ajanta. The symbolism of lotus-flower and leaf is universal in Indian poetry and sculpture and painting. This was adopted by Mahayan as the aureole of Bodhisatva. The Brahminical symbolism of Brahma, the Creator, sprung and enthroned on the naval lotus of Narayan, the eternal spirit who lies asleep on *Ananta* was adopted, according to *Tantra-Tatwa*, by Mahayan which compares *Prajna paramita*, the supreme wisdom with the lotus. In the root she is all Brahman, in the stem she is all maya, in the flower she is all world and in the fruit she is all liberation. Out of absorption of Buddhism in Hinduism Vaishnavism and Shaivism emerged. The Mahayan images of Nepal symbolise the same ideas as Shaivite sculptures at Ellora and Elephanta. Vaishanavism in India, the heir of Mahayan, continues the same legacy. The classic paintings of Ajanta in India and the allied Singalese Art in Sigiriya in Ceylon were made by famous sculptures of North India in the 4th century A. D, when the Gupta Emperor, Samudra Gupta, and Mugha Varma, the King of Ceylon, were fast friends. The Buddha as ideal King or Bodhisatva is very finely realised in noble torso (now in Victoria and Albert Museum), simulates with the fine image of Surya or sun-god in the temple of Konarak, in Orissa, and illustrates the wonderful continuity of Indian artistic traditions. The ideas of Vedic India manifest themselves in Buddhist sculpture and painting as clearly as they do in Buddhist architectural designs. Buddha as guru represents the Brahman Indo-Aryan thinker who found salvation by the path of knowledge. A splendid statue of Buddha as guru with Abhaya-mudra, dispelling fear (now in Birmingham Museum) excavated from a ruined monastery at Sultanganj in Bengal may be classed with Anuradhapuram Buddha. Buddha as Bodhisatva or Kshatriya-Indo Aryan Hero, is the central figure of Bhakti-worship. The doctrine of Devotion also occurs in Mahayan in another form. In *Majjhima Ni Kaya*, 22, Buddha says: " Those who have not even entered the paths are sure of heaven if they have love and faith towards me." Buddha as guru is recognised again in the fine bronze figure of Kalar Murti in the temple of Tanjore.

The symbols of Buddhist and Vedic Art cannot be separated, so closely interwoven they are. For instance, in the temple of Angkor Vat in Cambodia built in the 12th century by the Hindu King Surya Varman II, in the bas reliefs of magnificent colonnades, procession paths, and *Samudra Marthan* (allegorical story of

the cosmic tug of war between good and evil) are mingled together. *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* sprêad to Java and Cambodia where the Vaishnavite Temple, Prambanan and Angkor Vat respectively illustrate the Indian Epics. The churning of the ocean or *Samudra Marthan* is rendered on a grand scale in the bas reliefs of Mamallapuram in Madras like those of Java and Cambodia. The Trinity of Vedic Theology, Brahma, Siva and Vishnu, representing the trinity of matter and spirit, were expressed by the Buddhist formula of three gems,—Buddha, Dharma and Sangha. The Trimurti of Elephanta and the Buddhist Trimurti of Nepal are from Hindu sources. The Nepal Trimurti in fine copper gilt statuette belongs to Mahayan Buddhism and that of Elephanta to Hinduism.

Mahayan Buddhism allowed to all Brahminical dieties a place in its pantheon. In Vedic Religion Brahma's consort is Saraswati. So in Mahayan, Adi Buddha, the creator, was provided with a consort or female counter-part named Prajna Paramita (transcendental wisdom) and Tara, as in Java. Hariti was accepted as the Buddhist Madonna all over Asia. They are evidently borrowed from the Vedas. Vedic Usha or Lakshmi was under another name at Sanchi, transformed into Maya or Buddha's mother. The beautiful bronze of Durgu, Siva's Sakti in the Madras Museum, resembles the Java sculpture of Avalokiteswara (Divine love in Borobudur (Java) and another is Anuradhapuram in Ceylon, and Manya Sri (Divine wisdom) to Siva. Durga, killing the buffalo-demon, Mahishasura, is the subject of great sculpture from Java now in the Ethnological Museum at Leyden, as in the Mamallapuram Reliefs in Madras. The monumental image of Ganesh in the Leyden Museum is a Vedic deity.

The creative genius of Buddhism, says Havell, was inspired by Indian Yoga philosophy and evolved such unique sculptures of Elephanta, Ellora, Borobudur, Barhut, Sanchi and Amaravati. Nagarjun adapted Patanjali in Buddhism. Buddhistic Art is the flowering of the Upanishadic teaching. Bodhisatva Bajra Pani is the Vedic Indra. Shanti Deva in her " Bodhicharya-Avatar " describes the Tri Kaya or the three bodies of Buddha, Dharma Kaya, Sambhoga Kaya and Nirmana Kaya just like Vedic Brahma, (timeless and unconditioned) Iswara and Avatar respectively.

The Buddhist age was an age of transition and eclecticism and the glorious credit of this age lies in formulating a perfect synthesis of Indian Art by collecting different materials from every quarter of Asia, as the teachings of Buddha widened the intellectual outlook and spiritual vision of the Vedic Age by correlating its abstract ideas with human conduct and realities of life. In the

Buddhist age Indian Art adapted itself to the new social order, enlarged its boundaries and renewed its former vitality by assimilating foreign technical traditions but maintaining its ideals. In the Buddhist age, Indian Art co-ordinated the artistic traditions of heterogeneous elements which composed the Indian society of that time to realise them for the interpretation of Vedic Philosophy and Religion. Yet there remains much to be accomplished with Buddhism as a sect in historical elucidation.

Buddhism is a child of theVedas, a rebel child as Swami Vivekananda said. It is the democratisation of the Vedic Religion. The purpose of the above historical analysis is not to belittle in any way the glory of the Blessed One and his Gospel. For, in fact, Buddha and his followers Aryanised and civilised the whole East, for civilisation means Aryanisation, says the great Philosopher of History, Dr. Waddel. In its birth-place, Buddhism was dynamic and creative, so it developed into Vedanta which is the real implication of Buddhism. The Mahayan developed freely, and it has close affinity with Vedanta or the Religion of the Vedas, as we have seen above. The spirit of the modern age calls for reconstruction and revival in the whole Buddhistic world. Buddhism can no longer remain static, as it is now in Burma, Ceylon and Siam. But it is active and expanding in Japan. Buddhism must fulfil the demands of the age in order to live. So it must develop and revitalise without any fear of truth, philosophical or scientific, of the present or the future. Hinayan and Mahayan must again unite in order to become a world force once more. And for this it must look back to its place of birth, the Vedas and the Upanishads. The stream that is detached from its source is a feeble one and cannot grow. The branch separated from the tree withers soon. Aryanisation and Spiritualisation are the two forces of Vedic Sakti, centripetal and centrifugal as it were. Buddhism outside India has escaped Spiritualisation. So it must undergo Indianisation to become again vital, and avoid imminent death. The mark of vigorous national life is to produce great men in every sphere of life, and that Vedic India is still young is evident from the fact that it has been producing spiritual geniuses almost in every century. Last century has witnessed the creative life of Vedic culture in the advent of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda, Rabindranath, Auravindo, Gandhi and Ram Mohan. But it must be admitted that for the last few centuries the Buddhist world has not produced one great man of world magnitude. So Buddhism must be reunited with the mother-church, to be a creative and dynamic faith, for modernism has tolled the death-knell of all static and dogmatic religions.

Bores.

By A. V. Krishnaswami

THE usual way is to begin with a definition: Who is a bore? It is, perhaps, more to the point to ask who is not a bore. Bores are as plenty as blackberries. To tell a truth, all of us are bores. Why, even our Gandhiji is one. What does he talk of except Satyagraha, Soul-Force, Congress Mandate, Purna Swaraj, Revival of Civil Disobedience or the Charka? But for his naive way of putting things, he would have earned the name of "The World's Greatest Bore".

In these heterodox days, religious bores are rare. At this time, the political bores are the plentiest. Next comes the social reformer bore. And no society is complete without a literary bore—the prize-boy of the college, the essayist and journalist in the making. Here I pass over numerous student bores, whose talk is hopelessly, unbearably insipid. For instance; "Christian College gives notes. Pachayappas has done only two Acts. But Professor so-and-so has finished the whole play in three months."

I don't know why. The political bore is a big talker. You go to his study while he is busily engaged. He will at once wind up his work and begin to talk you down on the Lahore Resolution, the Karachi Congress, the Round Table Conference and Mahatma Gandhi. "It's premature to have entered into the Pact. The R. T. C. has broken down, as expected"—he asserts, striking his fist on the table. Probably he had eagerly looked forward to another tempestuous period in India's politics when the youth and patriots of the country would seek jail again. He is all reverence for the Mahatma. But Jawaharlal is "the mark and glass, copy and book" that has fashioned him. "There is poetry in that patriot's soul. What stubborn sincerity, what sublime self-sacrifice!" he breaks out in a flight of rhetoric. Political speeches and pamphlets, press comments, opinion of one leader of another, he copiously quotes at the highest pitch of the lungs, whether you enjoy his lecture or the sunset through the yonder window. No age, take my word for it, would be free from these political bores. In a way they are useful. A political bore is a medium of advertisement.

The social reformer bore is a fire-eater and fire-spitter. Fathers are fools, that's his conviction. "Gunny bag, rattan box, sami—", these are some of his choice appellations to a good old orthodox gentleman. It is not for comfort that he has cropped his hair. To him it is a symbol of revolt against Old Ideas. It pleases him

because it annoys the orthodox. I have no quarrel with this young man. But he sets up for a propagandist and reformer.

Once I was clear caught by a literary bore. He asked me if I had read the *Count of Monte Cristo.* I said no. The very minute he made me regret why I was so frank. Straightway he narrated the story for a full one hour. Then he turned to Dumas's other master-piece, *The Three Musketeers*, which, luckily, he finished in half an hour. The boring was sufficient unto the day. I was going to rise, when my friend pulled out a piece of paper, smiling, flattened it on the table, and asked my opinion about his list of ten greatest novels. I made it a point of agreeing with him in every item. That is the way to behave with a bore. But my silence, in this instance, did not satisfy him and he bored me for another hour.

Three types stand out among middle-aged bores. First the cross chap, who pours out all his domestic troubles and invites you to weep with him. In all such tales, the villain is a father or a father-in-law or a next-door neighbour or a wife (very rarely) but the *Sri Rama* is none other than he. The second is the Government servant incessantly talking of the idiosyncrasies of his superiors and the prospects of his promotion and day-dreaming about audit objections and urgent reminders. The most unqualified bore is the unemployed. The Madras Services Commission is the enemy of youth, is it not? They have had the audacity to hold an examination for recruitment of clerks and to arrange the eligible men in the order of merit. Add to this the fact that they have given him the rank in the Zth class and you can easily understand his feelings.

A word about old men. Boring is their peculiar privilege. They have almost taken out a patent for it. But their talk enriches and improves the mind, being the reminiscenses of a life-time. For my part, I am prepared to hear them any length of time. But they make embarrassing inquiries. "What, fellow, what are you doing now? It's three years since you came out of College? Have you secured a job?"

'Bore' has two connotations. I have taken it all along to mean one who forces dry details down unwilling ears. There is another sort of bore. He will make any subject under the sun desperately dull by his drawling tone and clumsy expression. Examples rush to mind. We have all emerged from schools.

How to avoid a bore? That is quite a burning problem. I am afraid it is not easy. One solution is to court the company of bores and become *bore-proof*. Or else—competence granted—make it a point of boring the bore. Diamonds cut diamonds.

The Psychology of Scout Training.

By T. V. Nilakantam.

SCOUT Training is a scheme of training boys in character, health and good citizenship. Broadly speaking, it is conceived as an outdoor recreation, calculated to serve as a practical aid to Education. It is a school of citizenship through woodcraft. This training is imparted in three progressive stages or grades. First, we have the Wolf-Cubs, then the Boy Scouts, and later on we have the Rovers. Boys above 7 and below 11 are in the Wolf-Cub Pack, those above 12 and below 17 are in the Boys Scouts and young men of the age of 17 and above are in the Rover Crew.

The training of the Cubs, Scouts and Rovers have all the same ultimate aim; they each represent the different stages by which the training of the individual for good citizenship is achieved. But if the aim is the same, the methods adopted naturally differ, differ in psychology between the child of tender years, the older boy and the grown-up or growing up young man. What the young boy of cub age wishes for, or finds delight in, is not the same as what his grown-up elder brother, the Boy Scout, requires; and these in turn are not identical with what delights the young man who is a Rover.

The boy of cub age, particularly the one who is 8 or 9 years old, lives in a land of make-believe. He is, on the average, self-centred, noisy and destructive; he has a longing for new experiences, exhibits an endless capacity for mischief which often severely tries the patience of the grown-ups, and is also inclined to be at times cruel. While on the one hand it could be said that thoughtless man is responsible for some of these defects of character, it could also be confidently asserted that such traits have been deliberately planted in him by a wise Creator, and if only we are wise enough to understand it, it is possible for us to turn all these "failings" to good account. These need not, therefore, worry us; they are just so many stepping stones which help us to get where we wish to go.

The activities which cubs indulge in under the guidance of their "Akela" and the other "Old Wolves," as the officers of the Pack are called, are such as will help to develop them on lines on which they should be. Noise and mischief are merely symptomatic of the "growing itch" and these have only to be encouraged. And in the Pack, in the daily "Grand Howl,"— as the Salute is called — in various other games the cubs get a chance

to let themselves go. But the making of these noises is regulated; and it becomes something which he joyously acquiesces in because it is all in the game; and through such authorized noisy demonstrations the boy-instinct and the objective of the grown-up both find satisfaction.

Pack work not only provides for noise and running about, but it leads destructiveness on to constructiveness and it gives the boy new experiences through the Medium of well-told stories and excellent play-acting. And by little acts of kindness for others, the Good Turns, he gets over such innate failings as cruelty and selfishness and begins to be thoughtful of others.

In keeping with the mental condition of the boys of this age, the Pack is conceived and run in a "Jungle Atmosphere," after the manner we find in Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book*; and the cub who is psychologically a primitive being finds sufficient satisfaction for some of his primitive instincts in the sustained jungle atmosphere of the Pack.

The cub scheme aims at keeping the boys together as a happy family, giving them such happiness and enjoyment as will do them good, and the success of a Pack is judged from this point of view. Cubbing properly conceived is a preparation for scouting, and while the spirit of the Happy Family is kept in the forefront and various kinds of activities are attempted, very little of inroad into the preserves of Scouting is done by the Pack, as otherwise, when one "goes up" to the scouts, one may find nothing fresh and consequently, fail to be interested by Troop Work.

In the Boy Scout Troop we have boys above the age of 12 and below 17. This is the age of co-operative loyalty and hero-worship. This is the age when the individuals, whether they go about for mischief or otherwise, go about in little gangs—led by one of themselves. The boys of this age want to do things on the major scale, not merely *play* at doing things, but *do* them. The boys of this age are glad to have responsibility given to them and, when given, ten to one they could be trusted to discharge their duty well. Boys of this age have a craving for games; and "fun, frolic and feeding" represent some of the most prominent among their desires. These instincts have to be catered for, if we want to get the boy on our side, but it is up to us to see to it that, while we play to the boy, we also help him to play the game! Grown-ups are too often unable to understand the boy-point of view, but if the boys see that they are understood by a grown-up, and if they feel they can be sure of him and of his sympathy, then they will follow his lead, and do anything he wants them to do.

Such an understanding type of the grown-up is the Scoutmaster. He is the key-man in the whole scheme. If he is gifted with enough imagination and understanding, and if he has vivid enough recollections of his own boyhood, he will see the boys' point of view and be able to achieve a great deal. His resourcefulness helps him to devise things which, while catering to the natural instincts and cravings of the boys, will also draw out the best in them and make manly and noble fellows out of them, fellows with a clean and healthy mind, and with a bright and cheerful outlook on life.

The gang spirit is taken advantage of and is harnessed on to the Scoutmaster's scheme by the adoption of what is known as the Patrol System. This institution (devised by the Chief Scout and elaborated in all its detail by one of the greatest of scouters who ever lived—the late lamented Captain Roland E. Philipps) is the "government of boys by boys," and when one looks at it carefully one realises that it is nothing less than the natural boy gang rendered official, with, however, its scope for initiative and romance left almost intact. And the adoption of the Patrol System helps to implant pluck and grit and instils nobility of character and manliness into the boys. Indeed it is a *sine qua non*, and a troop which tries to carry on without adopting it will hardly be able to secure any good results.

Troop life as Pack life provides for jollity and enjoyment. And such practices as swimming or games and out-door exercises, with frequent camping out, make for a healthy life. Nature rambles, map-making and signalling, pioneering and axemanship, help to awaken and stimulate their intelligence and make them more handy and resourceful. While the physical and intellectual side of the boys' training receive so much attention through such activities as these, the Ten-point Law and the Promise with the 'Daily Good Turn' secure the proper spiritual development of the boy. The 10th Law aims at sexual points and gives the boy a healthy and clean-minded outlook on sex. Badges of Efficiency and Proficiency tickle his vanity, and in trying to win them he satisfies his immediate selfishness and incidentally does himself ultimate good.

In the Rover Crew, where we have young men over the age of 17, we are dealing with individuals who are actually in the battle of life or on the brink of it The young man belongs to an age where he is trying to "find himself". Life, from being a theoretical affair, has now become a concrete matter and one has hard facts to face. One finds oneself at the cross roads, and one stands in need of sympathetic guidance. The Rover Crew is divided into Patrols as the Scout Troop is, but here the Patrol is

smaller and consists only of four, because by nature there is room in the Rovers' affections for just one or two. "Service" is the motto of this section, and unlike the Scout Troop where we have training for service, here, we have actual experience of rendering service and actually learn to serve the community. Service to oneself is of the foremost importance and the Rover is encouraged to do all he can to educate himself. He tries to know his civic rights and duties and learns to respect his duties more than his rights. Service becomes a passion with him, and life itself to the Rover becomes the quest of a life-time.

Coming up from the cubs whose motto is "Do our best" to the Scouts whose motto is "Be prepared," and from them to the "Rovers" whose motto is "Service," we see how the progressive idea lies through them all. In the Scouts we simply "do our best" to "be prepared" for "Service."

One of the most valuable aids that the modern teacher has for the successful carrying out of his noble task is the scheme of Scouting. Based on a clear understanding and sound appreciation of the boy mind, of its cravings and limitations, the graded scheme of training described in its three stages as Cubbing, Scouting and Rovering has endless attraction for those for whose benefit these are intended. And to the grown-up who is interested in their right upbringing, it gives a weapon at once attractive and facile and admirably suited for the great task.

Scouting is no substitute for school education. It cannot be. It is only intended as a supplement to the training that boys receive at school. Scouting only endeavours to fill up the chinks, left out in the education given in schools, by providing healthy pursuits out of school hours and by attempting to instil into boys great ambitions prompting them to put forth their best efforts towards their own self-building. Scouting aims at instilling character. And as we have seen, its methods are peculiar to itself. Scouting assumes (what a sensible teacher will assume) that every boy has at least 5 per cent. of good in him; and it looks upon it as great fun, the locating this 5 per cent. good and developing it on a 80 or 90 per cent. basis. This is true drawing out, true education

Scouting aims at character training not by precepts but through action, that is getting the boys to do things straightaway. There is a good deal less of talk among the Scouts than elsewhere, at least there is a great deal more of action. Boys are encouraged to do little acts, which if persisted in, lead to the formation of habits. And habits constitute character. The boy's own ambition to come up to the scratch, to the level indicated by the Scout Ideal (as implied by the Law and the Promise) is a

great force in his moral upbringing. And in this task the boy is helped by the right atmosphere of the troop and by the personal example of the Scoutmaster. An important feature of Scouting is that the boys are in it voluntarily. They come into it because they like to, and they remain in it so long (and only so long) as they like. But in a proper Troop they find all they want and they never wish to leave it.

Another characteristic which is worthy of note is the absence of artificial standards and set courses for the boys. There are just a few preliminary tests which every Cub, Scout and Rover has to get through, but these are more or less of an elementary nature. Once these are accomplished the boy is face to face with a wonderful field of possibilities, the Proficiency Badges, where each one may with profit wander and interest himself with pursuits according to his tastes and opportunities. Learning ceases to be drudgery; and becomes a hobby! Indeed, the Proficiency Badge has more than once led to the opening up of a career.

The methods of training are individualistic. Each boy is really a category by himself and has to be studied individually, with special reference to his home and other usual environments, and, whether it is character training simply, or whether it is giving him healthy and appealing pursuits, the Scoutmaster deals with each boy from the individual point of view. No class or group remedies or methods are tried.

Based on the natural or group idea of boyhood, the Patrol System and its corollary, the Court of Honour, enable the boys to pick up experience of "governing themselves" and secures for them the much needed training in business matters. The Scoutmaster's keeping himself in the offing when the Court of Honour deals with administrative affairs and his offering to play only an advisory part helps to put the boys on their mettle, and they learn to take up and discharge responsibility.

In Scouting we find that the training of body, mind and spirit are always intertwined; these come together at all times. Games naturally play a very important part, and a great many of these are conceived and run with a view to instilling moral principles and valuable traits of character as much as to improve the physique of the boy. A number of games deal with sense training, where the sight, the sense of touch, the sense of hearing, the sense of direction and the senses of taste and smell are developed. And then there are games which go to make the boys self-deciplined and which infuse that valuable national asset called the Team Spirit and also the sportsman's spirit of 'give and take' and being able to take defeats and successes with equal equanimity and good cheer.

Scouting lays great emphasis on camping and life in the open. Apart from the better physique and health that this must lead to, the amount of self-reliance and self-education as well as the spirit of true fellowship and happy comraderie it must infuse is certainly very great.

Under intellectual pursuits would come the first-hand study of birds and animals, plants and trees, not from books or encyclopeadias but *in situ*. And the "hiking" through the countryside which the more grown-up boys indulge in will bring them into contact with the heart of village life, its folklore and traditions and give him a taste and a love for what is national and indigeneous. Scouting aims at building all these characteristics not by laying them on from outside, but by tact and sympathy, by encouraging the boys to build themselves, which is *education* as opposed to *instruction*. Any one who looks into the nature of the Scout Law and the Scout Promise will not fail to see how Scouting is looked on as practical religion and how the Scouts always live in the Great Presence and try to serve God by serving their own fellowmen.

Indeed, service is the great ambition The daily good turn which they do is the beginning of the practice in this ideal, and the whole scheme of Scout training has this one outlook, namely, of properly equipping the boys in the long run for service to their fellowmen and to the Motherland.

India and the Future of the Gold Standard.

By C. V. H. Rao, M. A.

ENGLAND, as is well known, has lately gone off the gold standard, and many other countries have already followed England's footsteps in emancipating themselves from the gold fetters binding their currency systems. Japan has cut the painter. Holland promises to follow suit. Realising the impossibility of maintaining artificially high exchange rates for domestic currency, many a country is discarding the futile endeavour to be on the gold standard basis. Most of the debtor countries are saddled with short term as well as long-term liabilities, and finding it impossible to honour these obligations with fast declining gold reserves, they are giving up the gold standard in sheer helplessness. Barring America and France no other country can hope to maintain long their gold standard currency. Country after country has been obliged to discard the gold standard system, and silver currency is fast supplementing the existing currency media of exchange. A few more countries like the U. S. A , France and Holland are, though they are tied to gold, coming increasingly to realise the impossibility of maintaining their industrial prosperity at its old level, in so far as the depreciated currencies of other countries are placing them in a position of "competitive disadvantage," and their exporters cannot hope to compete with others in selling their high-priced goods.

The world is now divided into two halves practically, one consisting of the countries whose currencies have appreciated in terms of the currency of non-gold standard countries, and the second of those countries whose currencies have depreciated in terms of their previous gold parity. To solve the unemployment problem and establish a trade link between the two groups of countries is the main outstanding problem. It is a fit subject for investigation by an international conference, and it may be hoped that such a conference will be convened to make good the existing dis-equilibrium in the distribution of gold resources.

The main alternatives before these countries are the restoration of the silver standard, the adoption of bimetallism, the setting up of an independent managed currency based on commodity standard, and the formulation of an international exchange standard - the sterling, the dollar and the franc being tied to the

commodity standard, and the satellite countries to adopt the necessary exchange standard. Though silver was a better monetary metal than gold, it was unfortunately abandoned as a medium of currency in the 19th century by England and other countries. When the United States of America formally adopted the gold standard in 1900, it sealed the fate of the monetary future of silver almost decisively and the subsequent demonetisation of silver by most of the Eastern countries only complicated the situation With the exception of China, there is not a single big country on the *defacto* and *dejure* silver basis. But as the production of silver is undoubtedly on the decline and does not give fair promise to meet the world's needs, it is impossible to think of restoring the old silver standard which existed prior to 1806.

As regards bimetallism, though human ingenuity might easily succeed in forging a happy ratio between gold and silver in consonance with the actual productive out-put of the two metals, this ratio cannot be successfully maintained for a long time. The values of the two metals might be made more stable, but that does not guarantee the stability of their purchasing power, which is what is wanted by the people. The elimination of huge and unexpected changes in the value of money is the fundamental economic problem of the world, and bi-metallism does not contribute an iota of relief in this particular direction. Hence bimetallism cannot be considered a sound proposition, though a practicable one, and Dr. Shaw's statement that "the wit and ingenuity of man which can possibly discover any method of linking the value of the two metals cannot hope to succeed for long" is too true to need any further elaboration.

Coming now to the third suggested alternative of an anti-metallic managed currency standard, the first point to note is that an internal bank-note currency can be supplied in such quantities as to maintain an accepted parity with gold, though the gold itself might be changing in value. So long as supplies of gold are lasting, a well-managed bank-note currency can confer on the people the boon of stable money values. Were the bank rate currency to be issued on the backing of useful commodities, its purchasing power would tend to be comparatively stable over long periods. Certain basic raw materials and standardised simple manufactured commodities should be taken as representatives of standard of living and after properly weighting them according to their importance to human lives a standard of value can be set up and bank notes of unvarying value can be issued on this commodity standard of value. Granted that new commodities are admitted and fresh weighting becomes necessary, a change can be brought about which actually represents the

changes brought about by fashion and new inventions, and a stable monetary standard can be created.

The commodity price-index itself must be carefully compiled and the out-put of bank-note currency should be regulated by this index number with the help of the re-discount rate weapon. If this be the way in which internal currency is issued, its exchange value into gold can be fixed by the monetary authority of the debtor country, as such a ratio will enable it to have a favourable trade balance, so that when gold is paid it will enable it to repay international indebtedness.

A country which is neither a debtor nor creditor country should fix the exchange rates for its internal currency at such a level as to see that exports and imports balance. A creditor country which seeks to have greater imports than exports has to fix the exchange ratio for its internal currency into gold at a level which would make the excess value of imports over exports equal at least approximately the desired yearly amount which it requires for liquidating its accounts. This is possible in advanced countries where the credit system is highly integrated, but it cannot be thought of as a practicable proposition in a country like India, where the credit system has not yet been fully developed.

The only remaining alternative, therefore, is the sterling standard, and sterling is pitted against gold at present. The object of the British Empire Union is to establish a Central Bank for the whole British Empire, which would simplify the exchange problem as between the different parts of the Empire. India, Canada and Australia have already elected to follow the sterling, so that if the sterling exchange standard were to be adopted for the whole of the Empire, uniformity of currency would be attained. But a necessary postulate of its success is that the sterling standard should be made to depend upon commodity values and managed in such a way as to possess constant purchasing power in terms of commodities.

But this supposition of internal management ignores the fact that the price level of a big country is more an international issue and not a mere petty case of national management alone. The regulation of internal currency must be with reference to the international standard of values and a suitable machinery must exist to co-operate with the international authorities in the mangement of the internal price level. International finance and international commerce communicate the world factors to the domestic system of a country. Hence the mere isolated domestic regulation of prices cannot succeed for a long time. The price level is an international issue and unless the economic world is determined to maintain stable purchasing power, nothing can be

done which can hope to withstand the influence of world factors for long. An universal standard of value is the only thing that can secure this ideal, and without it no fixed exchange can be secured and mobility of capital would be discouraged under a regime of irrational and fluctuating exchanges. And for basing it on the value of commodities, the production index of the League of Nations supplies the machinery which can be elaborated to secure an international commodity standard of value which will work with precision.

Now the gold standard system, good, bad or indifferent, has to be revived afresh, because no other sound standard which is free from popular prejudice exists. As stated, there is no other monetary standard which is independent of the danger of human manipulation. But if it is to be installed, it has to be installed in a form which will suit the changed needs of the times. Discarding the gold specie standard as an anachronism and a costly luxury in view of the insufficiency of the gold stocks, a variation of that standard, which has as its main purpose the economising of gold, has to be adopted.

But it may be assumed that, unless there is an assurance that the rules of the international gold standard would be observed by all countries, that the fatal rigidity attending costs and wages would be checked and that the chief defect of the gold standard. namely, " excessive limitation of currencies ," would be removed, neither England nor other countries which have been recently forced off the gold standard would entertain the idea of going back to the gold standard. Whether England can ever hope to regain the old dollar parity of $ 4.86 to the £ is not yet a settled issue, for it will depend on the issue of the conflict between City *versus* Industry, which is a long-standing conflict in British monetary affairs.

The other view is that the paper £ can be pegged at a level equivalent to 18 sh. gold and as soon as dollar prices rise, the paper £ can regain its old parity. As soon as the gold value of the paper £ is fixed, the present international anarchy in the matter of exchange and currency would be put an end to. Most of the gold exchange standard countries have been tieing their resources to sterling when it was equivalent to gold, and the depreciation of sterling has caused great loss to them. They would be reluctant to place faith in the efficiency of the gold exchange standard system, and they would prefer to have the gold bullion standard instead after the present gold tangle has been satisfactorily solved. But before all this happens, there should be a pooling of the free gold in the hands of the Bank of International

Settlements and this gold redistributed to all countries for strengthening the basis of the credit structure, which itself has to be carefully managed with a view to the attainment of a stable price level. This is what India expects and would have as its monetary goal.

But as gold's value is changing as a result of the dwindling production of gold, and as it would become unavailable to the gold standard countries in sufficiently large quantities, there are people who would discard it altogether as a currency standard. The "golden age" might be literally past, but unless a stable international standard of value is pitched upon, inter-regional trade, commerce and industry would be hampered.

There is, however, a silver lining to the cloud. With the present fall in prices lesser gold resources would be needed to perform the world's exchange work. If a definite understanding in the matter of international debts is arrived at and the countries attempt to restore their export trade to the old level, everything will be righted. But for that consummation to be attained, a great deal of international co-operation would have to be forthcoming. The trade barriers would have to be removed. Creditor countries must have unfavourable balance and continue lending for long term investment purposes at low, cheap and easy terms. Debtor countries must invest them for productive purposes and give effective guarantees of sound management. Thus envisaged and worked, a drastically reformed gold standard might work satisfactorily till such time when popular opinion is ripe for understanding a well-managed paper currency standard based upon the tabular standard system.

The Bolshevic Adventure

III

Nationalisation of Mass-Production.

By N. Mahadeva Iyer, M. A. L. T., D. Econ.

RUSSIA had been till very recent times an exclusively agricultural country with all her limited needs for finished goods drawn from domestic handicrafts. But from the last quarter of the XIX century considerable development in industry proceeded in rapid pace, in all the districts of the Empire, comparable in type and in structure with what was witnessed in Western Europe. But the fundamental and differential feature of the transformation of industrial methods was the untiring effort of the State in pushing the infant industries through the deliberate employment of monopolies, bounties and other devices of State protection and patronage. As a direct sequel to the emancipation of slaves and to the introduction of individual ownership, voluntary wage-earners swelled in number the factory establishments and afforded an opportune epoch for the new capitalists to assume the rank of powerful *entreprenuers*. Thus the era of the greatest industrial progress was inaugurated in Russia by Count Sergius Witte, who firmly believed that agriculture alone was quite inadequate to make the land strong, and, therefore, the best resources of the nation should be exploited to help economic development. With such a strong determination to urbanise the villages and to facilitate railway building and factory construction, Russian capitalistic production flooded her markets with all sorts of manufactured goods. Heedless of vigorous competition from European States on the west, Russian cotton fabrics and metal were exported in enormous quantities to the Orient. The peculiarly new economic position of the peasants and their exceptional inclination for co-operative action saved the Russian family from being entirely enslaved by the evils of industrial transformation, which in other lands like England eked out a landless proletariat. The rapid development of railways, the promotion of popular education and maintenance of high protective tariffs accelerated the progress of Russian industrialism, and offered to foreign capital an attractive field for investment. The Russian factor of economic reconstruction was really the influence of the State functioning as a communal organisation in providing not only capital and supervision but also general and technical instruction to almost every form of industry. Further, the enormous development in the means of transportation, under

entirely nationalised management, and a persistent policy of high protection indeed stimulated every undertaker with the result that in 1914 Russia stood out as one of the leading manufacturing nations and foreign traders of the world.

Prior to the political revolution of 1917, economic and social changes had combined to undermine the tottering Tsarist regime. The political revolution of March was followed by the Bolshevik *coup-de-etat* in November. As a result of violent internal revolution and devastating foreign war, and excessive nationalisation of economic institutions, foreign trade was hit hard, and the industrial machine was thrown into chaos, and even the benevolent measures of the Central War Industries Committees failed to stave off the final catastrophe. Pre-War Russia presented her products and methods of agriculture with the widest contrasts of climate and soil, and her economic organisation was peculiarly regional. Yet the methods of cultivation were woefully primitive, and frequent droughts exposed large areas to the desolation of famine. Russia was bled white by the enormous losses in man-power as well as by complete deterioration and eventual break-down of her emergency mechanism of food distribution. The crisis came with the Revolution of 1917, followed by civil wars which ravaged the richest agricultural provinces of the Empire, and by a rigorous economic blockade by the other belligerent States. In 1921 the disillusioned and embittered peasantry were made impatient by widespread famine and a vexatious system of food rationing under the Bolshevic government. The Soviet plan having but wholesale speculation and discontent among the workmen and soldiers was superseded by Lenin's free-market which induced the peasant to produce more food and enjoy the profits of his own enterprise. This new system was to be a temporary strategic retreat from the tenets of strict Communism which always characterised the Bolshevic polity. In the early days of Bolshevic government, the peasants hailed the communistic organisation, since the poignant force of land-hunger was in practice satisfied by nationalising the big estates of the *Kulaki* or the rich peasants, and by allowing the lower bourgoise to appropriate such relieved lands for themselves. In 1921 Lenin declared that it was the ultimate aim of the State to carry out the economic administration in accordance with the ambition of the peasant middle class. The land, nominally declared the legal property of the Bolshevic community, the occupier had the freedom to dispose of the fruits of cultivation at his will. The land legislation of the New Economic Policy encouraged individual ownership of the Russian peasant and conferred on him an economic and political status.

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The Bolshevic propaganda made a strenuous endeavour to realise large-scale Communism, both in the political and economic life of Russia. Down to 1921 all the forces of Bolshevism were directed to produce efficiency and low cost in productive organisations. Imperial orders were issued to nationalise all industrial and commercial enterprises, large and small, and to declare them State property. A Supreme Council of National Economy was instituted to administer the communalised activities, and it worked through a hierarchical structure of Workers' Soviets. The banks, warehouses and factories were designed to operate for the whole community, on the principles of orthodox Socialism. During the anarchical period of the Great War, the Soviet leaders were forced to communalise every field of human activity, with a view to providing clothing and ammunitions for the Red Army. This object was accomplished successfully to tide over the demands of foreign war, but soon the evils of Communism brought out industrial impoverishment. The western world construed and feared the tenets of Communism as nothing short of economic barbarism, and cut off all foreign aid, both goods and capital, and left Russia on the verge of starvation.

It was this critical situation, almost brought about by alienation of foreign sympathy towards Russian liberation from the Tsarist and unbending despotism, that forced Lenin to inaugurate the New Economic Policy which opened the industrial life of the Empire on an economic basis. Fuller developments of this new regime were undoubtedly the cause of industrial revival and the move towards State Capitalism was an intelligent retreat from blind orthodox Communism. The peasants and artisans were offered opportunity to produce their own goods and dispose of them for profits. The State retained, however, the control over the large trusts and combinations of various branches of industries complementary to each other, and subordinated these communal institutions to the Council of National Economy. This new and compromising phase of Russian Communism was stimulated out of the failure of the orthodox Communism and co-operative principle to effect a junction between town and village, without the participation of private capital in the general economic development of the country.

The post-War development of Socialism had its storm centre in the revolutionary agitation started in Soviet Russia in 1917. A small coterie of propagandists, led by Lenin and Trotsky, threw the principles of Bolshevic Communism into the crucible of practical politics. But Russia as an illiterate nation was peculiarly ill-equipped for this adventure, yet an endeavour to establish the Dictatorship of the proletariat was welcomed, as it

hoped to operate as a relief to the widespread and suffering caste by years of external war and political revolution. At first the Bolsheviki (meaning majority) were not the majority element among Russian Social Democrats, but were only the Mensheviki or minority ; still Lenin and his clique were able to win over to their side the workers and soldier Soviets sufficient to gain a numerical superiority and to over-turn the tottering provisional government and ultimately to construct an elaborate politico-economic structure in order to embody the doctrines of proletarian Communism.

The central aim of the movement was that the enlightened proletarians should forcibly seize the political State and by lavish application of terrorist tactics proceed to crush the remnants of Capitalism. According to the pure tenets of Bolshevism, all private property was to be categorically abolished and all political power was to be vested in the hands of those who depended exclusively on their personal labour for sustenance. The political structure set up by the Bolsheviki was a complex hierarchy of Soviets grouped in a pyramidal fashion. The local urban or rural Soviets elected representatives to Provincial Soviets, which sent their representatives to the All-Russian Congress which meets every year and delegates its interim powers to a Central Executive Committee. This selects the Presidium and the Cabinet. This, in brief, is the governmental machinery of Russian Communism.

The adoption of the N. E. P., or the New Economic Policy, does not affect the spirit or the machanics of the political instrument of the Bolshevic *coup-de-etat.* Since the death of Lenin in 1924 the actual political power has been concentrated in the hands of a central committee of the Communist Party. The mystical cult of Leninism has fired the enthusiasm of the Soviet Union and thousands of humble peasants pass in reverential mood before the shrine of the "Sage" in the historic Kremlin at Moscow.

The Election.

By P. S. N.

SURAN perused the voters' list very intently and after a pause exclaimed: "There is not the ghost of a chance for Meeran. I am sure I will beat him hollow."

Whatever may be Suran's virtues modesty was not one of them. I, for my part, who knew Suran only too well, could not contain myself at these remarks and said: "Have you any idea as to what Meeran thinks of his chances? He thinks that you will have to forfeit your deposit."

"I am not at all surprised at Meeran saying it. He is nothing if not a braggart."

"You forget what the rest of the world thinks of you."

"I don't care a pin for the world, or anything it contains," observed Mr. Suran.

"If you give wider publicity to such sentiments, I need not have any doubts about your chances. For God's sake, till the elections are over, don't display them too much or too often."

"Sickening!" exclaimed Mr. Suran. "Do you think I am going to fawn or cringe before any voter for the sake of his vote? I mean to do everything in the right royal style. I will just publish a manifesto that I am standing for election and that the electors will do well to give me their votes, if they care for their own interests. There my canvassing begins and ends."

"Certainly, it is a most original way of doing it. But I do not know whether the Dampet electors are alive to your great qualities of head and heart, to give you their votes unsolicited."

"Do you think Suran has lived for nothing all these years in Dampet? Please understand that my name and fame has penetrated into every nook and corner of our blessed town, even unto the child in the womb."

"I agree, and would even add, that they have penetrated much further; and in my opinion that seems to me the whole trouble. If you were a nameless non-entity, I won't be so apprehensive about your chances. But I do not wish to say anything further."

"Never mind—Fire away."

"And blow out your brains, or whatever substitute for it your head may contain. But let us come to business without fooling any further. Have you any idea of the work your opponent is turning out?"

" What is it ?" asked Suran.

"Actually he has been giving out, that he is on the best of terms with our Deputy Collector, Mr. Roberts, and that he will use his influence in the decision of the temple case, in which the voters of your ward are interested."

" Is that his game ? I am sure that Mr. Roberts is not going to yield to such influences."

" That is altogether a different matter. Mr. Roberts may be quite above board. But what about the effect on the ignorant voters, when they see Meeran moving on terms of intimacy with Mr. Roberts ? "

" In that case, Meeran should remember that two can play at his game. This very evening I will do it."

" What is your idea ?"

" Simply this. I will invite Mr. Roberts to have a look round the temple, taking care to see that all my voters are congregated there at the time."

" That will indeed be very good. Only take care to do a lot of talking with the Deputy Collector so that the voters may go away highly impressed with your ability and enthusiasm."

Immediately Suran ran up to the Deputy Collector and extended his invitation for a visit to the temple. Thereafter he informed the voters, individually and collectively, that the Deputy Collector was going to visit their temple that evening and that he would take the opportunity of informing him about the temple case. The voters were mightily pleased at the prospect. The temple and everything in it were put up in tip-top condition.

Somehow Meeran got scent of these ingenious designs of Suran. He was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet, when there was something to be done. He immediately engaged a car, drove up to Mr. Roberts, and suggested a hunting expedition as an evening diversion for the Deputy Collector. Mr. Roberts to whom hunting was a mania readily yielded, completely forgetting that he had an appointment for the evening. They got into the car and Meeran instructed the chauffeur to drive past the temple. When the car approached the temple, a large crowd with Suran at its head was waiting at the gate to receive Mr. Roberts with temple honours. But the driver without stopping drove on, and soon the car was lost to view. Suran became greatly perplexed. His voters heckled him from every direction. Was it for this that they had come in such large numbers, not only they but their wives and children ?

" I knew all the time that Suran was incapable of achieving anything," said another. „ Whatever he undertakes is doomed to failure , be it his own affair , or another's."

But Suran exhorted them all to be patient. He assured them that the Deputy Collector was indeed coming to the temple as promised, and hinted that the driver should probably have lost control over the brakes, and so could not stop it near the temple gates.

" You may be sure that he will be here in a few minutes," said Suran.

" If the car could not be stopped by other means why did you not throw yourself in front of the car" observed one of the voters in great indignation.

" My friend, I will do it. Then at least you will realise that Suran is prepared to sacrifice everything, even life itself, for the sake of cultivating your good-will."

The car had not covered a long distance before Mr. Roberts remembered his promise to visit the temple. He asked the driver to retrace and soon got near the temple. Suran who prepared to be a martyr rather than be an object of ridicule, threw himself in the way of the car. The chauffeur with indeed commendable presence of mind, managed to stop it, before it could do any harm to any portion of Suran's anatomy. Mr. Roberts got out of the car in a rage and asked the chauffeur to fetch a constable.

" Have you, indeed, lost your head, or was it your design to commit suicide?" asked Mr. Roberts addressing Mr. Suran.

" Your Honour has heard of some religious fanatics who throw themselves under the wheels of the car at Jagganath, that they may attain salvation," interjected Meeran.

" Did you indeed seek salvation? You shall have nothing but hell-fire in the guise of police lock-up," said Mr Roberts.

Suran was indeed staggered and did not know what to say. Finally he stumbled out something incoherent, about temple visit, evening appointment, and brakes not in working order. After a great effort Suran succeeded in making himself understood.

" Oh D—n it! I will not have anything to do with your temple. My visit to it has nearly cost a man's life," and Mr. Roberts got into the car and drove away.

Needless to say, Suran's voters were indignant to a degree, and swore that they would not give him a single vote, and Suran unable to put up with their ridicule beat a hasty retreat.

The rest is soon told. On the date of polling Suran was sitting near the polling booth, a solitary and sorry figure whom none would care even to nod at. Meeran got all the votes, and was declared duly elected.

The Ghost

By S. Rangachari.

IT was a July night. The express dropped me at about one in the morning at a wayside station. The moon was shining, though dim. I was the only passenger who got down at that station; and, being a small station, I had to wait for the train to leave before I could surrender my ticket, for in small stations, the station-master, the booking-clerk, and the ticket-collector are all rolled into one. So I waited till the train steamed out. The station-master came near the station building and received my ticket.

Casually he began to enquire about me, though we were perfect strangers to each other. He asked me where I was going. I was then on my way to my village nearly four miles from the station and I told him so.

"Naturally you will proceed only in the morning," he observed.

"No, I am going now," I replied.

"Then you will have to walk the distance all alone. There is no bandy here."

"Of course, I have to walk alone. But it is a moon-light night. So, I hope to go without any difficulty. Oh, it is nothing," I said indifferently.

"That's all true, sir. But, you may stay with me for the rest of the night and proceed in the morning. That will surely be better. And, I assure you I will not at all be inconvenienced by your presence."

"Thank you. I have had a delightful sleep in the train and I do not feel inclined to sleep. Since the night is not dark, I propose to walk home even now."

"Whatever that may be, I will not advise you to go now. They say the way is infested with ghosts. Only two days back we had an accident. Somebody encountered a ghost."

"What is that story?" I asked him somewhat curiously.

"A pedestrian was knocked down about a mile from here. He came running about three in the morn and on asking him what the matter was, he told me that a ghost had knocked him down.

"What did he say the ghost was like?" I enquired of the station-master.

"He could not see anything. He heard a jingling noise and after a while the ghost hit him on his head and he fell down.

The next moment he got up and ran here. That was what he told us. The poor fellow's limbs were trembling all the while he was talking to me; he was just a bundle of shivers ."

"He should have been a coward. I am sure there was no ghost; it was all due to his weak mind. I am not afraid. Sir, these stories will not thwart me; and I *am* going," I persisted.

Evidently the words 'stories' had offended him. His face would have indicated that, but there was not sufficient light for me to see all that change in his face. But his tone and words denoted without a shadow of doubt that feeling in him.

"You are all civilised gentlemen, sir, and will not believe our *stories*," he said. "Young man, you have much to learn about the world. Very well, you may go." Having said this, he went into his room and I was left on the platform.

Should I apologise to him? I thought for a moment and decided that I need not. So I began to walk along; I came out of the station and with my leather case in my right hand began the last stage of my journey to my village.

The night was very calm and the air was quite still. There was absolutely no noise but for the distant bleating of the lambs from beneath the big baskets under whose canopy they were lying. The road was rather dark because of the trees.

All alone I walked my way. Thus I had done nearly a mile. I felt rather sultry. I placed my suit-case down and taking my hand-kerchief from my coat pocket wiped my face and then, taking my leather case, I continued my journey.

I had only gone a few yards when I fancied I heard a sort of jingling noise just behind me. I turned back and found nothing. So I dismissed it as mere illusion and proceeded. But I was convinced after a minute that there was a noise and that it was no illusion: I did hear the noise. Again I looked back and as far as I could see, there was nobody. I looked up at the trees and there was nothing there too. I resumed my walk.

Still the noise followed me close at my heels. What was it? Could it after all be a ghost? For my part, I had never believed in them till then. But that night my mind began to give way slowly. I had heard of ghosts; people had told me that ghosts could not be seen and that their presence could be detected only by a sort of metallic noise. Usually the ghosts were said to be evil-doers.

I began to think of the noise. Could it be a ghost? I was sure I heard a noise; even while I was thinking I heard the noise. It might after all be a ghost. But I was not afraid. I thought of playing some trick on the ghost.

With that intention in my mind, I walked fast, and, strangely enough the ghost also began to increase his speed. The noise was always very close behind me. Suddenly I turned. The ghost had stopped. For, there was no jingling noise heard. Then I began to feel that I was no equal to these ghosts. Anyway, the ghost I met appeared to be very agile, and I felt sure he was not to be trifled with.

Then, why was he following me? Could it be with any evil intention? As these questions came to my mind one by one, my courage began to fail me. Fear slowly crept into my mind. Alternately with the thought of his harming me came desperate courage too. I was there all alone and what good could I be doing myself by being afraid? "I should be courageous," I told myself. But, somehow the creeping fear seemed to get the better of me.

In my boyhood I had heard my old grandmamma speak of the efficacy of the *Gayatri mantram.* She used to say that the chanting of the *mantram* would protect one from ghosts and evil spirits. At this moment the words of the old lady came to my mind. And I began to chant the *mantram* vigorously and loudly. But, of what avail? Even then, I heard the ghost close at my heels. I felt that he had not even receded an inch because of the *Gayatri.* But the noise I was making lessened my fear, and that was all the effect of the *Gayatri.*

I had proceeded in this wise nearly two furlongs after the ghost had begun to follow me. I was just nearing a well by the side of the road. And as I approached it, I began to feel a choking sensation in my throat. My fear increased; was this the work of the ghost? Was this his design to get me into the well? I had heard people say that some ghosts took a particular fancy in drowning persons in wells and tanks. Could it be that my ghost was one of that category?

I was in a dilemma. One question was whether I might drink some water and relieve myself of the choking sensation. The other was whether it would not be advisable for me to go near the well at all. I thought and thought; really, it was a knotty problem. On the one hand was my choking sensation; on the other, the fear that it might be the ghost's trick to get me into his trap.

I made a bold resolve. I decided to get down the steps of the well and drink some water. So I placed my suit-case down. The well was one of the usual wells to be found in the fields with regular steps like the tanks. This one had such a gigantic banyan tree near it that the whole well was in its shadow. As I

got down, I thought I saw a shadow moving in the well. For a moment I was afraid. But the next instant I had regained my courage. I put it down as a mere optical illusion and got down.

I got to the last step and there mechanically turned back to see if there was anything visible behind, for all the while the noise was following me. I saw nothing. I sat down on the last step and took a handful of water and raised it to my lips. I should have drunk it but for the fact that at that moment something touched my head. I was terrified and I screamed. Before I knew what I was doing, I had got up and begun to come out of the well in indecent haste. I checked myself and looked around me as I realised the fact. It was only a leaf that had fallen down from the tree. This gave me some boldness. I got down and drank some water. I even washed my face and that done, went up. Still, the noise followed me.

What was it all? The ghost had followed me down, and he was following me up. What a queer kind of ghost he should be? He seemed to have apparently no purpose, or, was he satisfied with merely frightening me? Only the other day he had knocked down a man, for I was almost certain it should have been the same ghost. And, could he have got rid of his evil tendency so soon? His behaviour was indeed perplexing.

With these thoughts in my mind I came up I wanted to wipe the water from my face. I put my hand into my coat pocket for my 'kerchief; but it was not there. Had the ghost taken it? If he had, what possible use could he find for it? Oh no, he would not have taken it. It should be in my pocket. And I dived my hand deep into my pocket. I could find no handkerchief; there was only my bunch of keys.

Suddenly I jumped up. I had solved the whole mystery concerning the ghost. I had dropped my 'kerchief on the road when I took it last and the moment I dropped it the ghost had begun to follow me. All the while he had been in my pocket!......

Muthu Takes his Degree.

By P. G. Sundara Rajan, B. A.

I was engaged in arranging the books of the First Part preparatory to studying for the ensuing examination in September, when I received a letter from my friend Muthu. He told me, in about nine pages, how sorry he was at my failure and concluded this record of sympathetic lament by saying that he would have to attend the Convocation alone, unfriended, melancholy, etc. I replied at once assuring him that neither the Solar System nor the Trade Depression was going to be affected by my failure and that no job was waiting for me, having regard to the reign of Retrenchment. I further informed him that I was in the best of spirits and kicking, and that I would run over to Madras to keep him company during the Convocation and hover over him like a sort of guardian angel from the visitors' gallery.

The morning of the Convocation day found myself and Muthu in the latter's room in George Town deeply pondering over the biggest problem of the year, *viz.*, what to do for a head-dress. We had gone round the whole list of teachers and officers known to us for the loan of a turban-cloth, but in vain. The turban cloths were either with the washermen, or had been already lent to those who had preceded us with their requests. No wonder then that Muthu was engaged in bringing the full force of his brain (which, incidentally, had won him the first two letters of the alphabet 'reversed' as they say in crossword puzzles) to the solving of the grave problem. He was biting his lips and scribbling on a paper all sorts of weird designs that would have given brilliant ideas to Enstein. Equally engrossed was I in thought. Revolving the topic of head-gear in my mind, I scanned sympathetically the face of my friend. As my eyes rested upon his small head an idea struck me. Muthu has the sort of little tuft surrounded by a wide platform of cropped hair, which ended abruptly in a small region of clean-shaven skull just above the forehead. The whole scheme gave one the idea of an island of granite cliffs with a lonely palm tree in the centre. I may also mention that this kind of *Kudumi* was adopted by my friend as a compromise between the troublesome big orthodox tuft and the modern crop.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed —— or whatever they do exclaim when people have a brain-wave. "Look here, my dear fellow, since this topic calls forth our capacity for statesmanship and

foresight, we must take the bull by the horns. In short, you must wear an academic cap and hang the turban —— on the peg, I mean. If you don a cap it will easily hide your tuft and everybody would think you had a cropped head; what is more —— ".

"Impossible!" snapped my friend with an air which clearly indicated that the discussion was to end. I had an idea of bringing to his notice the fact that Napoleon never gave room for that word in his dictionary; but on second thoughts I desisted and betook myself to my uncle's house promising to look in at about 2 o' clock to accompany him to the Senate House.

At a quarter past two, — the delay being due to my unsuccessful attempts to decorate my forehead with a black dot — I entered my friend's room and found him wrapping his head with a small upper cloth! When I was about to ask him whether he would have Amrutanjan or Aspirin for his headache, I suddenly discovered that, far from making use of the cloth to lessen any headache, he was in reality persuading the cloth to take the shape of a turban.

"What ho!" I called out, "haven't you changed your mind yet?"

Receiving no reply, I fell into humming within me the latest gramophone song. Thus we spent about fifteen minutes. At length my friend flung down the cloth and pierced me with a look of martyrlike determination.

"Well, I suppose it has to be the cap after all," he moaned in despair. I began to help him put on the trappings. After spending some more time on the fashionable noose — the necktie — which nearly tried my patience, we hurried to the High Court and scoured the corridors for an advocate who had promised to send us his gown. But the lawyer was not to be found anywhere, nor in the vicinity of the lighthouse which we did not omit in our vigorous search. At last when we were on the brink of despair somebody informed us that the gentleman was lunching at Neo-Komala Vilas; whither we hastened headlong but too late; for the advocate had left a minute or two before our arrival. Having entered the restaurant we could not in all fairness return without taking anything; and I gladly welcomed the idea of reinforcing the stomach.

Lunch over, we went into a tailor's shop where my friend hired a gown and cap (we had our own hood) at an exorbitant rate. The gown was alright except for a small colony of bugs, but the cap happened to be too big and the only one available. I encouraged my exasperated friend to face the crisis by wearing

the cap, telling him that God had given hands to human beings so that they might save their tufts from exposure by holding in position with the said limbs caps too big for their heads—quite a snappy chip of philosophy, don't you think?

We arrived at the Senate House just when the proceedings were beginning; and leaving my friend to hunt for his seat, I took mine on the visitors' gallery. By virtue of my elevated position I was able to get a panoramic view of the assembly of the University products. It was a black mass of gowns and caps dotted here and there with gleaming white turbans like stars in a dark sky. But the graduates did not seem to be enjoying their position. There was a good deal of noise and cursing under breath. Soon I discovered that those poor beings were suffering from want of fresh air. Streams of perspiration were running down their faces, which I first mistook for tears of joy on taking their degrees. Most of them were trying hard to fan themselves with handkerchiefs and diplomas (or should it be 'diplomae?') while others were loosening their neckties. After a long search, I was able to locate my friend who was busily engaged in holding down his cap which seemed to jump at the slightest touch.

The time came for the presentation of the graduates to the Chancellor. As I knew my friend was in the last group I tried to divert my attention from the tedious march-past of the graduates. I looked about me and found a boy of five sitting with his mother, who caught my attention. He was looking straight at the dais with parted lips and was slowly moving his head backwards and forwards. This I found to be a rhythmic accompaniment to the Chancellor's action. The boy was intently looking at the Chancellor who was acknowledging the salute of each graduate with a benevolent bow in return. As I reflected upon the position of the Chancellor and the number of graduates assembled, I made up my mind not to accept the post of Chancellor of a University if I were offered one. This brief survey of the nodding Chancellor instinctively made my neck ache, and I turned my attention to the graduates. Now I found that I had misjudged the Convocation. Far from being a monotonous proceeding, the pageant on the platform was really spectacular in its effect. Many of the graduates were so nervous that they bowed either before they approched the Chancellor or after they had passed him; while some were so bewildered that they dreamily passed on without so much as deflecting their necks. One or two over-scrupulous gentlemen began bending their backs on ascending the dais and straightened up only after getting down on the other side.

When the turn of my friend came, I found him being helped to his feet by his friends, for he had fallen into his usual mid-day nap despite the compressed atmosphere of the hall. Still feeling sleepy, he groped his way along with others through the aisle bordered by caps and gowns. It was only on getting upon the platform that Muthu remembered that he should hand over the slip of paper bearing his name to his Principal for identification. He stood there fumbling with the pin that attached the name-slip to the certificate, much to the annoyance of his followers and greatly to the amusement of the assembly.

When at last, to my intense relief, he succeeded in extricating the slip, the certificate slipped and fell down. With an agility that would have seemed impossible in a man of his proportions, my friend pounced upon the document, which, however, conceived the rash idea of marching past the Chancellor all by itself, aided by the electric fan. But **what gripped my attention and made** my heart jump up my throat was the fact that Muthu's cap, taking advantage of his stooping down, leapt down his head and followed the certificate, evidently to give it the dignity of the insignia.

Needless to say, my friend also joined the procession and his little tuft proclaiming itself to the audience brought out peals of laughter and applause accompanied by stamping of feet to keep time. Even the august folks (not because they were there in the month of August) on the dais could fail to repress their laughter. Muthu, utterly oblivious to this uproar, eventually recovered his cap and diploma; and instead of hanging his head down and going back to his seat, as everybody including myself thought he would, he again mounted the rostrum with a set look on his face: he put a hand on his cap to hold it in position, bowed low to the Chancellor and passed on. This again gave rise to another charge of applause and cheers, which lasted till the lecturer of the evening rose to deliver the address. I caught my friend's eye only for a moment and the way he looked at me made me quite uncomfortable. At this I determined to go home as soon as the ceremony ended without waiting to be lectured to by the hero of the day.

As I was about to enter my uncle's house a voice hailed me. " Were you able to find it ? " queried a young man whom I recognised to be a fellow-graduate of my friend.

"Find what ?" I interrogated, puzzled. "The hood. I saw your friend searching the hall for his lost hood when all had left."

This was the last straw. Thereupon I strengthened my resolve not to see my friend till I left Madras; I apologised to him through a letter declaring that if ever I got through, I would not take my degree in person.

Songs of Sri Ram Prasad.

By Swami Jagadiswarananda.

XIV

Shyama, I shall mould you in the cast of my mind and make a Manomayi[1] *image of you. My mind is alloyed and does not soften in your meditation. Oh, Tarini (Saviour), be melted into the fire of my mind and be Bhabarupini*[2]*. I wish to be blessed with the vision of your Swarupa that overwhelms Bhola, the ever forgetful Lord. Grant my prayer Oh, Kirtivasa (clothed in tiger-skin), by appearing in my heart. What is the use of Banafula (forest flowers) for Puja? It is best to worship the Ganges water. I was so long thinking in seclusion with what Upachara (materials) I shall worship you. As I do not belong to myself now, nothing on this earth is mine. The Brahmanda (Cosmic Egg) is your creation. Only the short-sighted people call it as 'mine'. The Premika gives the best advice to the devotee; wash the rosy feet of my mother to your poor best with the water of Bhakti and offer flowers of Bhaba to Her feet.*

XV

Mother, none knows who you are. Various people give various versions of you. The Vedas, the Agamas and the Puranas, all speak of you differently, but none dare say they are final about your Mahima. I cannot also fully believe that the Vedanta has sounded the ultimate depth of your glory. The Sankhya, the Patanjala, the Mimansa could not come to any final conclusion in their polemics. The Vaisesika cannot also plumb the Anta (end) of the Anantarupini; you are beyond all the Vedas, the Tantras and the Scriptures. Whatever floats in the Chidakasa[3] *of their minds, that is the limit of their experience. The Premika says all of them have in a noisy hurry played their parts, for Brahma, Vishnu*

1. Mental image of ideas. 2. Immaterial. 3. Spiritual sky.

aud Sulapani are all blindly unable to envisage your real Swarupa.

XVI

Oh mother Tara, everything is done according to your will and you are the veritable embodiment of Cosmic Will itself. You do your own work through us, but men out of ignorance think that they do. You can entangle the elephant even in mud and can make a lame to cross the Himalayas. You can raise one to the position of a Brahma and can send another at will to the level of degradation; for we are the machine of which you are the mechanic, we are the House in which you are the Resident, we are the Chariot of which you are Charioter. So we go as you guide us.

XVII

Mother, if I die repeating your name—Durga, I want to know whether you will liberate me in the long run, in the moment of Death. Even if I kill the Brahmins and murder pregnant women, and drink wine, I don't mind them at all and can attain the position of a Brahma only if I can repeat your sacred name, up to death.

XVIII

To arms, to arms, oh men. Time, the all-destroyer is at the door in battle-array. Get into the Chariot of Bhakti with the quiver of knowledge, in the bow of tongue with the string of Premas apply the infallible weapon of the name of the Brahmamayi. No other chariot and charioteer are needed. Only make your battle-field on the bank of the Sacred Bagirathi, then your enemies will be killed and you will certainly attain victory.

Book Reviews.

Kandan, The Patriot. By K. S. Venkataramani. Published by the Swetaranya Ashrama, Mylapore, Madras. Price Rs. 2/-

Mr. K. S. Venkataramani, writing as it were for the sheer joy of self-expression, in his own characteristic and inimitable style about the various social and political problems that beset this ancient land of ours to-day, has woven romance round simple sorroundings and familiar scenes of every day Indian life. Such a common-place thing as a Railway train or a log of wood, or yet the 'de-sexed' Adyar river is made to look extremely interesting and thought-provoking by his poetic genius, flashes of which sparkle through and illuminate almost every page. The spirit of awakening of modern India is thus beautifully depicted, the problems raised by it discussed with restraint and moderation and the inevitable purpose and goal of the present struggle for freedom of self-expression and self-fulfilment driven home in a convincing and unmistakable manner—all through the medium of a highly interesting and entertaining novel.

The book contains many illustrative and instructive passages that clearly and lucidly set forth life as it obtains to-day in India, expounding also the little social intricacies as well as higher and more serious problems of Loyalty and Liberation, of Land and Labour. In flaming words that come direct from the heart, he pleads the cause of the poor through his characters:

> "There is another thing—a truer cause—the neglect of these poor fellows, voiceless and dumb. even to utter the deepest cries of pain; have you ever, sir, seen their abject misery at home,—wife and children not knowing from where the food would come for the morrow? Theirs is a cruel lot in this callous world; willing to work, but no work anywhere. Even if they work the hardest, it hardly suffices them for the needs of the day, and the morniug sun rises again as bleak and cold as ever. So lean and wretched lives you can nowhere see among God-created things, vegetable or animal life. Their cradle gift is chill poverty, and they are blessed all through life with nothing but grinding labour. Hungry hours crowd round the crying voice of children. and the maternal heart bleeds in despair." (P. 113.)

And yet again:

> "The Indian problem is the problem of the poor, who have been kept poor all through the ages. Its vast man-power given by God as a sacred gift to earth is wasted most pitifully like autumn leaves on the roadside. Swaraj must give it both scope and direction and save this vast man-power from being exploited......And what is Swaraj worth, if it does not mean freedom to everyone of the three hundred and fifty millions, even the humblest to grow to the highest in his own land. We should work for a Swaraj that would bring out from each his best, in all the pattern of God's own infinite variety, both in the inner and the outer life of the individual, and reward each with the fruits of Nature according to his needs, the needs of a simple and pure life. Then only this sacred land of Bharatha Varsha will be sacred in fact, as it is now in legend..................And not till then will India know

true peace. The evil that paralyses our life is not our religious or tribal discords, but the most iniquitous and irresponsible system of land-tenure which, like the hook-worm, sucks the blood of the poor in a hundred ways, and all toil goes to feed only the parasite. The hand that works in the mud and mire of the fields only labours as an eternal coolie hand, and gathers the golden grains of the harvest only for a callous overlord's bank account. The shrivelled hand that plucks the cotton on the miles and miles of rich, black acres does not own even a piece of cloth to cover the shame of a slave's birth, not even a rag to wipe the tears of sorrow that come welling up the eyes at the sight of famished children at home. Sweated labour for another is the most ancient sorrow of man, but in this sacred land it is the most bitter salt-sea flood, as we have lost our freedom both within and without." (Pp. 221—222.)

Mr. Venkatramani expounds a deep philosophy of life, and shows a correct understanding of human nature, in the superb delineation of the minor characters of the novel; of the ticket-collector 'who stood at ease with a serenity and sourness patented only in Railway Service,' of Rao Sahib Rutnum Pillai 'who rolled his eyes in special Police anger, and stroked the moustache and trimmed it at both ends into fine lance-heads as a gesture of courage and deeds that were his lot in life'; and of the many others whom for want of space here I am unable to recall.

The author's command of language and description is shown best in the presentation of familiar scenes in a striking novel way! The readers will already be familiar with the description of the Egmore Railway Station, and the third class compartment:

"The third-class compartment itself looked a delightful combination of a museum and a menagerie. All kinds of beds, boxes and bags were there in scattered heaps of confusion, from the crude rattan of rustic workmanship to the latest models in finished crocodile skin that incidentally revealed the heart of the refined rich owner. The passenger traffic was no less varied, ranging as it did from two stalwart *bairagees*, with an uncombed beard of half a century's real standing to the finished products of modern culture, Rangan and Rajeswari; from a pious fasting Brahmin telling his beads to a half-inebriated Indian *dorai* in hat and kakhi shorts, puffing his cigar and rolling the smoke contemptuously but ceremoniously straight into the dilated nose of the fasting Brahmin, who in his impotent rage could mutter only curses and mix them up with his expiatory *mantras*." (Pp. 95—96.)

To sum up, a vein of mingled love and humour runs parallel with an artery of the greater love of the Mother-Land. At times serious, at times light, at times richly imaginative and at times coarsely practical and prosaic, but ever masterly in depiction, the book is really the outcome of genius at its highest 'THE ONE WITHOUT A SECOND'

M. S. R. (B A. Hons).

The Influence of Indian Thought on the Thought of the West. By Swami Ashokanada, Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, Almora, U. P.

This is a dissenting note of the learned editor of *Prabuddha Bharata* on Romain Rolland's view of the subject as he deals with it in his *Life of Vivekananda and the Universal Gospel*. It is a very illuminating essay

that shows how the undercurrent of Vedantic ideas noticeable in the thought of the West is not of indigenous origin, but the result of a gradual infiltration of Indian thought, going on for centuries past, into the mind of the West.

The author traces the contact that the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans had with the thinkers, scholars and saints of Ancient India, and how the West imbibed the culture of India, though but imperfectly, even in very early times. The remarkable lives and philosophy of Plotinus and Pythogoras, which are immeasurably superior to the thought and life of their times, discover only the great and subtle influence of the East on the West. In the lives of many other philosophers, like Socrates and Plato, there is external evidence to show that the West had been considerably influenced by the philosophy and culture of ancient India. The author traces the migration of Indian thought to the West and proves on the authority of eminent European scholars that from very early times the thought of India had penetrated into and permeated the intellect and life of the West. He shows that it is this element of Indian thought that has been gradually evolving in Europe a system of thought akin to that of Vedanta. The author also explains the delay in the evolution of this system of thought in Europe.

The pamphlet shows great scholarship and research, and will evoke much interest in the study of the intellectual relation of the East and the West. It deserves to be read by everyone interested in international cultural relations. The publishers do well to give the pamphlet free to the purchasers of Rolland's book on Vivekananda.

P. M. H.

An Introduction to Biology. Part I — Plant Life, Price As. 8, Part II — Animal Life. Price As. 8, Part III — Human Physiology, Hygine and First Aid. Price As. 12. By M. V. Sundaresan. Copies to be had of: The Type-writer Mart, G. T., Madras.

These three parts treating of the activities of living organisms, are written in a simple and lucid style. The illustrations and examples are instructive as well as interesting. The printing is neat and the get-up simply good. The treatment of the various topics is superb. The three parts together cover completely the syllabus in Elementary Science Part II of the Madras S. S. L. C. Course, and it is certain that both the pupil and the teacher would be profited by studying these books.

A Junior Regional Geography. By A. M. Druitt, Principal of St. Mary's S. P. G. High School, Rangoon. Longman's Green & Co. Ltd.

This book is intended for use in A. V. middle schools. The author has taken great pains to see that the language is simple. There are plenty of illustrations scattered throughout the book. The reader is not troubled with undigestive subject-matter. The observational and informative facts are so nicely blended that the reader is sure to feel as if he reads through a novel. This is just the book for beginners in Geography.

C. N. V.

Gautama Buddha (ഗൌതമ ബുദ്ധൻ) by Pazhayanur Rama Pisharody. Price as 8/-. Published by T. Krishna Pisharody, Pazhayanur.

From the way the subject is treated we are led to think that the auth or intends this short account of the life of the saint to serve more as a text-book for school children than as a treatise for the more cultured. If it is so we may at once state that he has pre-eminently succeeded in his attempt. The main incidents of the life of Buddha are concisely and clearly depicted. The chapters on the great teacher's initial renunciation, final attainment of *Nirvana*, return to the palace and propagation of his tenets are very well written. Mr. Pisharody is well known as a writer of easy aud elegant Malayalam, and he keeps up his reputation in this work also. The get up of the book is good; but the inevitable 'correction slip' has found its place here too. This certainly is not desirable in a book to be placed in the hands of young children. We hope the defect would be remedied in the next edition.

Durgadasan (ദുർഗ്ഗാദാസൻ), a poem by Karuvan Thodiyil Sankaran Ezhuthachan. Printed by The Sri Ramakrishnodayam Press, Olavakkot. Price as 8/-.

That Sriman Ezuthachan bids fair to occupy a permanent place in the poetic world which we prophesied some time ago, is strengthened by the present poem. The story relates to the time of the Moghul Emperor, Aurangazeb. Therein is depicted 'the purity of soul' of a young soldier whose attractive personality became the object of secret love on the part of the Empress. Even the enchanting beauty of the Queen could not lure away Durgadas or defile him. The character of the hero is admirably delineated and the poet evolves a moral. Though the poet has much originality of thought and power of expression, we have to point out that he has also freely borrowed poetic ideas and figures of speech (അലങ്കാരങ്ങൾ). But this does not mar either the beauty of the poem or detract from its worth.

M. S. K.

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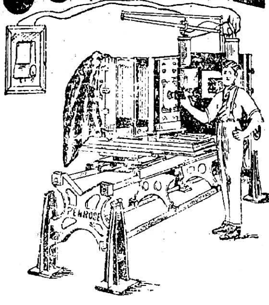

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